

The discontented Lover.

To a pleasant new Court Tune.



Toul, toul, gentle bell for a soul,
 bidding care both controule,
 And my mind is fast oppress;
 But I fear I shall die.
 For a glance of that eye,
 Which so lately did fly,
 Like a Comet from the sky,
 Or like some great deity:
 But my wishes are in vain,
 I shall ne ver see't again.

When I, in the Temple did spy,
 His divine purity,
 On her knees to her Saint,
 Who seem'd so divine,
 All her graces did shine
 Far more fairer then the shrine?
 Faith I wish'd she had been mine,
 And my heart full resign,
 Her powerfully gave
 Me Religion like love.

Fair, fair, and as chaste as the ayre,
 Holy Rumin breath in prayer.
 Was this Watresse divine:
 From each eye kept a tear.
 Like the pearl'd violets were
 When the Spring doth appear
 No other in the year,
 But I dare safely swear,
 That those tears trickle down
 For no sin of her own.

But now, encreaseth my woe,
 I by no means can know
 Where this beauty doth dwell:
 All her rites being done
 To her Lady and her Son,
 I was left all alone,
 And my Saint was from me gone,
 And to Heaven she is flown,
 Which makes me to say
 I can scarce live a day.

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Now I, must hate and die,
And attend to the sky,
Where my hopes are inthrond:
You Ladies all adieu,
Be your Loves false or true,
I am going for to die to
One that far excels all you,
One whom I never knew,
That must breath out my breath
For acquaintance in death.

Ring, ring, merry bells toll the King
 Wishing health to our King,
 And our minds all abandon'd;
 Let us never fear to dye,
 Till we drink our each eye,
 Let cash and cans fly
 And the hail-stones from the sky,
 Wishes great Deity:
 As up my wishes are but in vain,
 Fill the Cans round again.

When I in the Tavern did see
Such fair boon company
On our benches drinking healths,
I did look so divine,
When our noses do shine,
Well burnisht with rich wine.
Faith I wote the cup were mine:
Unto thee I resign,
And may powerfully prove
In drinking thy love.

London Printed for Richard Harper living in Smith-field,

Free, free, as the eye let us be,
 Concerning no degree,
 But to all hearts alike.
 From one eye drop a tear,
 Left you should in appear.
 And next morning do fear
 To be prophesied with small ear,
 But I dare safely hear,
 If a tear & idle do hear.
 'Tis for love to the Crown.

And now, increas'd my love,
I by all means must know
What is due for our Debt;
But the reckoning being paid
To the Doctors of Laws,
We need not be afraid
To be scurvily betray'd
The Constables aid:
Let us honestly pay,
Else we scarce get away.

Reu must I make hast and see
 What will us all free
 All our hands from the Bar;
 You adies all adieu,
 We your reasoning false or true,
 I am going for to die
 What belongeth to all you.
 Though we pay more then our owne,
 Yet my purse will I spend,
 And my life for my friend.